

to be the case. For he has who mentioned to him, in grievance, that one good mother—you must vote for as he told our great depu-

ssible for a
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ion on the

Family Miscellany.

For the Principia.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

By EDEN SHELLEY.

Traveller, lone, by moonlight's light,

Longing for the morning light—

Watching for the glimmering ray,

Which shall chase the gloom away;

Leaving for ever the cold river,

Leaving to its surging, ever,

Hear'st thou the song from yonder shore?

Let it soothe thee evermore!

In thy heart its burden keep—

"He giveth his beloved sleep!"

Blessed, blessed sleep!

Oh, weary eyes, no longer weep,

Nor hopeless, lonely vigils keep;

O'er precious memories; dream no more

Of thy heart treasures, "gone before;"

What thought the night be long and drear,

Tangled and rough thy pathway here;

The crimson dawn comes on apace,

When thou shalt joy with glowing face;

Forgetting all the fearful past,

And to the heart, the joyous gladness—

"He giveth his beloved sleep!"

Blessed, blessed sleep!

Stricken one, whose footsteps fall

On lonely life's shadowy vale,

Ever sprinkling o'er with tears

Dewy blossoms of earlier years,

Leaving for ever the cold river,

Leaving to its surging, ever—

Hear'st thou the song from yonder shore?

Let it soothe thee evermore!

In thy heart its burden keep—

"He giveth his beloved sleep!"

Blessed, blessed sleep!

No more let hindering tear-drops fall,

God's love unmeasured care for all;

Even thou shalt yet joy look up,

And thank thy Father for the cup,

Which from thy path was not withheld,

Though thy poor heart in doubt rebelled,

Nor leaped from thee the voice divine;

Which said, "Thy joys are mine!"

Lift up thy head, and let once more

To the sweet voice from yonder shore—

"He giveth his beloved sleep!"

Blessed, blessed sleep!

Mother, mourning for thy child—

For the love-laden, soft and mild—

Yearning for the golden light

Hid forever from thy sight,

Leaving for ever the cold river,

Leaving to its surging, ever—

Hear'st thou the song from yonder shore?

Let it soothe thee evermore!

In thy heart its burden keep—

"He giveth his beloved sleep!"

Blessed, blessed sleep!

How blessed, Oh, how wondrous sweet,

To be for such a slumber kept!

In child-like trust, serene to lie,

Beneath the ever watchful eye

Of Him who "shelters not his sleep,"

But faithful, "He giveth" keeps

O'er followed rest to childhood days,

For such, no waking hours in heaven,

Gleams bright thy coming dawn,

Glowing 'round the shining gate,

Mother, thy darling one behold,

With arms outstretched, thy neck unfold,

O'erward pass on with eager feet—

"He giveth his beloved sleep!"

Blessed, blessed sleep!

Child, who roamed, motherless,

Through Earth's dreary wilderness,

Clinging still to an unseen land,

Reached from the viewless hand,

Leaving for ever the cold river,

Leaving to its surging, ever—

Hear'st thou the song from yonder shore?

Let it soothe thee evermore!

In thy heart its burden keep—

"He giveth his beloved sleep!"

Blessed, blessed sleep!

Warrior, wearied with the strife

Waging fierce, with hatred rife;

Wearied, soiling guile and guile,

Trampled down of crimson gore,

Leaving for ever the cold river,

Leaving to its surging, ever—

Hear'st thou the song from yonder shore?

Let it soothe thee evermore!

In thy heart its burden keep—

"He giveth his beloved sleep!"

Blessed, blessed sleep!

Weariness.

O little feet, that such long years

Must wander on, through doubts and fears,

Must ache and bleed beneath your load!

I nearer to the wayside run

When toil shall cease and rest begin

An weary, thinking of your road.

O little hands, that weak or strong,

Have still to serve, or rule or long,

Have still to long to rest or aid,

I who so much with book and pen

Have toiled among my fellow-men

An weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts, that throbb and beat

With such impatience, feverish heat,

Such longing and strong yearning and

How much the nitrogens waunt, and to what

dear the depositions of humors? He may est-

ablish the conditions of a sure crop, thirty,

forty, or sixty bushels to the acre, (seasons

favoring); but how short a reach is this toward

determining the final capacity of either soil or

plant! But here the most patient experi-

ence has been the most patient, a third

of the vital laboratory in the great mir-

acle of the soil. We test it; we hum it; we

foully believe that we have detected its secret;

but the mystery stays.

A bumpkin may rear a crop that shall keep

him from starvation; but to develop the utmost

capacity of a given soil by fertilizing agents,

or, by those of tillage, is the work, I say,

of a wiser man than belongs to our day.

And when the land is so fertile, when the

appeals God's blessings only in a good

year, or a fat pasture, and never praises him

on good ground?"

Such were the men who were to be reached

by the agricultural literature of the day!

Yet, notwithstanding this unpromising ad-

dress, scarcely a year passed but some talker

was found who felt himself competent to ex-

pound the whole art and mystery of hus-

bandry.

Adam Speed, Gent., (from which title we

may presume that he was no Puritan,) pub-

lished a little book in the year 1626, which he

wittily called "Adam out of Eden." In this,

he undertakes to show how Adam, under the

embarrassing circumstances of being shut out

of Paradise, may increase the product of a

farm from two hundred pounds to two thousand

pounds a year, by the rearing of rabbits on

furze and broom! It is all mathematically

computed; there is nothing to disappoint in

the figures; but I suspect there might be in

the rabbits.

Gentleman Speed speaks of turnips, clover,

and potatoes; he advises the boiling of

"cabbages" for poultry, and advising the

"muddling" with bran and other condiments,

which will "feed the beasts very well."

The author of "Adam out of Eden" also in-

dulges himself in verse, which is certainly not

up to the measure of "Paradise Lost." This

is his taste:—

"Each soil hath no liking of every grain,

Nor barley nor wheat is for every vein;

Yet know I no country so barren of soil,

But some kind of corn may be gotten with toil."

Though husband at home be to count the cost what,

Yet 'tis his duty to be as good as a host,

What helpeth in store to have never so much,

Half lost by disease, and husbanded, and such."

The papers of Bacon upon subjects connected

with rural life are so familiar that I need not

recur to them. His particular suggestions,

however sound in themselves, (and they gen-

erally are sound,) did by no means measure

the extent of his contribution to the growth

of good husbandry. But the more thorough

methods of investigation which he instituted

and encouraged, gave a new and healthier di-

rection to inquiries connected not only with

agriculture, but with every experimental art.

Thus, Gabriel Platte, publishing his "Ob-

servations and Improvements in Husbandry,"

about the year 1638, thinks it necessary to

sustain and illustrate them with a record of

"twenty experiments."

Sir Richard Weston, too, a sensible up-

country knight, has travelled through Flan-

ders about the same time, and has seen suc-

cess attending "upon the turnip and the

clover culture, there that he urges the same

upon his fellow-landholders in a "Discourse of

Husbandry."

The book was published under the name of

Hartlib, the same Master Samuel Hartlib to

whom Milton addressed his tractate "Of Edu-

cation," and of whom the great poet speaks

as "a person sent hither (to England) by

some good Providence from a far country,"

to be the occasion and instrument of great good

to this island."

This mention makes us curious to know

something more of Master Samuel Hartlib.

I find that he was the son of a Polish mer-

chant, of Lithuania, was himself engaged for a

time in commercial transactions, and came to

England about the year 1640. He wrote several

theological tracts, edited sundry agricultural

works, including, among others, those of Sir

Richard Weston, and published his own obser-

vations upon the short-comings of British hus-

bandry. He also proposed a grandiose scheme

for an agricultural college, in order to teach

youth "the theoretic and practical parts of this

most useful, and most honestly gainful art,

trade, or mystery." The work, published

under his name entitled "The Legacy," be-

sides notices of the Brabant husbandry, em-

braces epistles from various farmers, who may

be supposed to represent the progressive agri-

culture of England. Among these letters I

note one upon "Sorghum" (shelly earth from

Scotland); another upon "Seasand"; a third

upon "Seasand"; and a fourth upon "Wool-

lenrages."

Hartlib was in good odor during the days

of the Commonwealth; for he lived long

enough to see that bitter tragedy of the ex-

ecuted king before Whitehall Palace, and to

hold over to the early years of the Restora-

tion. But he was not in favor with the royal

court. Charles II. the small person that

Cromwell had bestowed fell into disrepute,

and the story is that he died miserably

poor.

It is noticeable that Hartlib, a great

many sensible old gentlemen of his date, spoke

of the art of husbandry as a mystery. And so

it is; a mystery then, and a mystery now.

Nothing tries our patience more than to meet

one of those bilious-headed farmers who

wheeler in print or in talk—mystified by

the mystery and mystified it.

Take my own crop of corn, yonder upon the

flat, which I have watched since the day when

it first shot up its little dainty spires of green,

and now its spindles are waving like banners;

and how has it been ploughed and sown, and

tilled; and how goodly appears all these,

to the fine bilious feeders that have been

searching, day by day, every cranny of the

soil,—"to the broad leaflets that, week by week,

have stolen out from their green sheaths to

wanton with the wind and caress the dew!"

Is there any quick-witted farmer who shall tell

us with anything like definiteness what the

mysteries have contributed to all this, and

how much the nitrogens waunt, and to what

dear the depositions of humors? He may est-

ablish the conditions of a sure crop, thirty,

forty, or sixty bushels to the acre, (seasons

favoring); but how short a reach is this toward

value, and in the year 1664, a certain John

Purdon devoted a treatise to it, entitled, "En-

gland's Happiness increased, or a Sure Rem-

edy against All Succeeding Dear Years, by a Plan-

tation of Roots called Potatoes."

For a long time the crop had been known,

and Sir Thomas Overbury had made it the

vehicle of one of his sharp witticisms against

people who were forever boasting of their an-

cestry—their best part being below ground.

But Foster anticipates the full value of what

had before been counted a novelty and a cur-

iosity. He advises how custards, paste, and

even bread, may be made from the flour

of potatoes.

John Worlidge (1669) gives a full system

of husbandry, advising green fallows, and even

recommending and describing a drill for the

putting in of seed, and for distributing with a

fine fertilizer.

Evelyn, also, about this time, gave a dig-

nity to rural pursuits by his "Sylva" and

"Terra," both these treatises having been re-

cited before the Royal Society. The "Terra"

is something muddy, and is by no means ex-

haustive; but the "Sylva" for more than a

century has been the British planter's hand-book,

being a judicious, sensible and eloquent treatise

upon a subject as wide as the full value of what

the land can produce. Even Walter Scott, himself a capital

woodsman, when he tells (in "Kenilworth")

of the approach of Tressilian and his Doctor

companion to the neighborhood of Say's Court,

can not forego his tribute to the worthy and

cultivated author who once lived there, and

who in his "Sylva" gave a manual to every

British planter, and in his life an exemplar to

every British gentleman."—*Atlantic Monthly*.

"Oh day, he says, 'I am a cursed step-dame

to almost all vegetation, as having few or no re-

sources for the percolation of mineral showers."

For the Principia.

PLENTY OF ROOM UP STAIRS.

On one occasion a young man who contem-

plated giving himself to the study of law, thus

addressed the late Daniel Webster:—

"Mr. Webster, I understand the profession

of law is quite full, and that there are more

lawyers than are needed. Do you think there

is any chance for me?"

"There is always room up stairs," was the

sage reply of Mr. Webster.

So it is. There is always room for those

who excel; and for first class men, in every

profession, there is always a demand.

First class farmers, mechanics, lawyers,